



# Life of Reygo



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## Chapter 1 by Sarah Rundall

It had been a long time since D4-B7 had seen the light of day. To be technical, he wasn't even an D4 unit at all- but he was, in fact, a droid constructed of many different scrap metal parts that his master, the boy running beside him, had gathered together and constructed- there was the transparent sphere of a VT-16, and inside you could see all of the circuits and wires holding together the droid. He had the typical dome head of a droid, connected to the sphere by way of a magnetic restraining bolt reconstructed to magnetize the dome to the abdomen. The droid rolled on one singular wheel, and the wheel moved so fast that Deefour had the ability to remain balanced and upright while on the move.

Deefour beeped inquisitively at his master, who was breathing hard as the pair raced across rocky terrain on the planet of Geonosis.

"Scavenger scum," the boy explained through deep inhales as they hurried toward an abandoned factory, which was slowly collapsing in on itself. "Behind me, on our tail." The droid belched a complaint, followed by a question.

"Okay, okay, yeah, it was me," the boy admitted. "But I had to. Besides, they had more than enough rations left to spare!"

Deefour beeped again and each block he rolled over under the two finally made it hold the droid in place.

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Mom, Dad, I'm home! It's

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Reygo, are you there? I'm

back. Dad, and I might add, I'm

“Company?”

Purge jumped from a ledge in the inside of the doorway and landed on an old conveyor belt. Up ahead was a huge compressor, which boy and droid walked under without so much of a flinch. Behind the compressor sat one of many camps hidden inside the enormous factory, and in this particular camp was his father. The man handed his son a lightsaber- one of many remnants of the Clone Wars that had taken place here so many years ago. The family had several lightsabers to spare, but this one was Reygo’s favorite. The grips adjusted perfectly to the joints in Reygo’s hands; the blade the perfect size and the hilt the standard weight.

The blade was the color of the planet Kamino, a deep indigo shade that became almost hypnotic if you stared too long.

“Where’s Mom?” Reygo asked.

“What company?” His father fired back.

“Scavengers.”

“You stole food.”

“We’re starving, Dad!”

“We have enough food to last another season.”

“Enough portions to last us a month, you mean,” Reygo snapped.

His father looked away. “You’re right, Reygo. I’m sorry.”

“No,” Reygo said, his face softening. “I’m sorry. I-”

Everyone froze when a loud THUD was heard across the factory floor. Reygo made eye contact with Deefour. “We have to go,” he said. “Now. The scavengers-”

“Run,” his father said. “I’ll make it out fine and get your mother. We’ll meet up again by the old Sith temple down the road.”

## Chapter 2 by Brian Tapia



Reygo ran like never before. He kept of the path so the attackers wouldn't see him. But he kept feeling a cold in his body, and a voice saying, "Yes....come to me Reygo. You'll help me rein terror to this galaxy."

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